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A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Mark Coleman was an industrious, hard working young man, who had begun the world with nothing, but who had very firmly settled one thing in his mind, which was, that he would some day be rich. Another point was, if possible, still more firmly settled, namely, that he would never run in debt to the value of a dollar. He had worked hard for several years, as a journeyman, at his trade of carpenter, to obtain the means to erect a small house and shop of his own. He had been for some time attached to an estimable young woman, as poor in the world as himself. Their union had been so long deferred, that both parties grew impatient for the time to come. Though only two rooms in the house were finished so as to be habitable, they resolved to wait no longer. But a small sum of money remained to furnish even these two rooms. But, scanty as was the furniture which this sum would procure, they adhered to their first resolution not to run in debt, but to wait until more could be procured without obtaining it on credit.

One day a visitor was announced at their humble home—no less a personage than the wealthy Mrs. Ives.

"You seem to be setting out right in the world, my young friend," she said, as she looked around their room. "I suppose you intend to be rich one of these days, and I think you will succeed."

"We hope some day to be better off than we now are," replied Mr. Coleman. "I know we have begun life differently from most young people," he added, casting his eyes around the scantily furnished apartment, "and the most of our neighbors think the worse of us for it. But the fact is, we have both of us set out with the determination never to contract a debt."

"I doubt not you will soon be able to finish your house and furnish it neatly," said Mrs. Ives, kindly and approvingly. "I admire your spirit of honest independence, and should be sorry to do anything to wound it. But we have some furniture in our garret, which has been stored there to make room for more, and if you will accept the loan of some chairs and a table until it is convenient for you to purchase those which will suit you better, it will gratify me very much to let you have them."

This offer was made with so much kindness and delicacy, that Mr. Coleman could not refuse it, or feel wounded by it. After Mrs. Ives had left, he exclaimed:

"That is what I call a kind-hearted, true hearted woman. She has made me think better of all the world than I did half an hour ago."

This was true. This delicate act of kindness had stolen the bitterness from the heart of the proud man—for proud he was, and it had taught him to think more charitably of all his race.

Years passed on, and Mark Coleman's dreams of wealth were more than realized. His house was soon finished, and neatly furnished, after which he had no reason to complain of the shyness of his neighbors. But he did not remain there many years. He removed to a larger place, where he could extend his business operations. After the first few years wealth flowed in upon him as rapidly as he could desire. But it is not our purpose to follow him through his course.

Our tale now passes over a period of some years. In a pleasant village, many miles distant from its opening scene, stands an old dilapidated dwelling, of that peculiar hue which the suns and storms of three-fourths of a century impart to the natural color of wood. This dwelling is inhabited by a poor widow and her invalid granddaughter, a girl of fourteen. The couch of the invalid is placed in the most comfortable corner of the only comfortable apartment the dwelling contains. A stand is placed close by the side of the bed, covered with a clean white cloth. On this stand the widow is preparing to place their simple evening meal.

The family were very poor.

This was evident from all the sufferings of their humble home, and from the tone of the young girl as she asked anxiously:

"Will the food we have last longer than to-morrow?"

"I think not," was the reply of the widow.

"Does not your faith begin to fail you yet, grandmother?" she asked, as she looked at her grandmother's countenance.

"Why should it, my dear? We have not reached the extremity yet. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity,' you know."

But the faith of the young girl had not been strengthened and developed by a life of discipline and trial. She knew not how to trust in an hour so dark as this. All the evening she tossed restlessly upon her pillow. Withdrawing the curtain which shaded the window near her bed, and looking out she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, grandmother! brilliant lights are gleaming from the windows of the great house on the hill. What does it mean? The house has been shut up ever since we lived here."

"This reminds me," said her grandmother, "of what Mrs. More told me today. She said that a wealthy gentleman had purchased the house, and was moving in."

Alice gazed a few minutes longer at the bright light gleaming from the windows, then sinking back on her pillow with a sigh, she said:

"How cheerful it looks over there! how different ther home from ours!"

Her aged parent read what was passing in her thoughts, and said:

"Alice, my child, do not envy the inmates of yonder mansion. Our sorrows, I trust, are preparing us for a brighter home than that. There is no mansion on earth, however pleasant or richly furnished it may be, into which sin, suffering, and death have not free entrance. But into the home towards which we are journeying, neither weeping nor wailing can ever enter. How glorious will be the light of that place, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for the glory of God is the light thereof."

Another day wore away, and the widow's little stock of provisions was quite exhausted. As evening drew on she sat by the bedside of the invalid, endeavoring, to sustain her by the repetition of those sure promises on which her own soul rested.

The gray twilight was fast deepening into the daak shades of night, and objects were becoming indistinct, when the widow perceived the figure of a man approaching her dwelling. She hastened to light her last candle, and had barely time to do so before a gentle rap summoned her to the door. The door being opened, a gentleman, apparently about sixty, entered the apartment, and accepted the widow's courteous invitation to be seated.

"I hope you will not consider this call as an intrusion," he said. "I have now become a neighbor of yours. Yesterday I moved into the house yonder on the hill—perhaps you will think I lay claim to the privilege of making a neighborly call at an early day. But to this claim I believe I may add another, that of former acquaintance."

"Indeed," said the widow, in a tone of voice indicating some surprise, while at the same time she closely scanned the countenance of her visitor, to see if she could discover any familiar lineament there.

"You do not recognize me?"

"I do not."

"Do you remember a young mechanic by the name of Mark Coleman, who was settled near you when you lived in B——?"

"Oh, yes; I remember Mark Coleman very well."

"Well, I am Mark Coleman."

"Is it possible! And you have come to reside in the large house yonder."

"I have. You are surprised, but you cannot possibly be more so than I was this morning, when asking one of my new neighbors who resided here, I was informed that it was Mrs. Ives, the widow of the late General Ives."

Mr. Coleman sat for half an hour conversing of the past and the present. His manner was very kind and respectful. When rising to leave he said:

"Now, Mrs. Ives, I have one request to make you. If I should consider it a duty, and also a great privilege, to return some of the kindnesses of former years, I beg you will not feel oppressed with the slighest weight of obligation on that account, but will regard it as no more than what is justly due."

As Mrs. Ives lighted Mr. Coleman through the little hall leading to the outer door, he pointed to a basket, which unperceived by her he had deposited there on entering.

"Hearing you had an invalid granddaughter," he said, "although it is my first visit, I have ventured to bring along some delicacies which may tempt her appetite."

Mrs. Ives took the basket to the bedside of Alice, and displaying its contents said:

"See here! My child, we only asked for bread, and our Heavenly Father has given us luxuries which might tempt the appetite of an epicure. Shall we not trust him for the future?"

Since the time that Mrs. Ives and Mr. Coleman were formerly neighbors, Mrs. Ives had passed through a long season of bereavement and losses. Death had deprived her of her beloved husband, and not one of the dear circle of her children remained to her. Losses and misfortunes had also stripped them of their once handsome property. All that was now left to her was one grandchild, apparently a confirmed invalid, and the dilapidated dwelling which sheltered them. This had once been mortgaged to her husband, and now remained in her possession, because those who had claims upon the estate had not thought it worth looking after.

After the night of Mr. Coleman's first visit, the wants of Mrs. Ives and her grand-daughter were abundantly supplied by him. Several weeks passed away, and winter drew near.

"I fear," said Alice to her grand-mother one night, "that you will never get through the cold weather, in this uncomfortable dwelling."

"What! distrusting again, Alice, when we have been so wonderfully provided for!"

"I know Mr. Coleman is very kind, and makes us as comfortable as we can be made here, but you are aged and infirm, and never spent a winter in such an abode as this."

Mrs. Ives was about to reply, when Alice, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed:

"There comes Mrs. More. I wonder what has happened. She must have some news to communicate, for nothing else would bring her here."

Mrs. More did not keep Alice in suspense a great while, for she had not been seated long when she opened her budget of news.

"You know," she said, turning to Mrs. Ives, "that cottage at the foot of the hill, beyond Mr. Coleman's?"

"Yes, it has been shut up ever since we lived here."

"It is sold."

"Who has bought it?"

"Mr. Coleman has bought it. As I passed the house to-day, I saw a large load of goods stand before the door, enough to furnish the cottage very neatly, so I suppose it will soon be inhabited. Every one is curious to know who is going to live there."

Mrs. Ives smiled as she replied: "If the goods have come, no doubt the inmates will shortly follow, so that every one's curiosity will probably soon be gratified."

The next day was one of those beautiful days which often occur in the latter part of November, and whose charms are partially expressed by the appellation of "Indian summer." In the morning, as Alice looked from the window, she called to her grandmother, saying:

"Mr. Coleman's carriage is driving up to the door, grandmother."

Mr. Coleman alighted from the carriage and entered the house.

"Come, Alice," said he, "don't you think you have strength to take a short ride? This day may be the last of our Indian summer."

Alice was pleased with the thought of a ride, though somewhat doubtful if she were able to bear the exertion.

"I think you can," said Mr. Coleman. "The driver and myself will place you carefully in the carriage, which is very easy, and your grandmother shall go with you."

All this was soon accomplished. As Mr. Coleman himself entered the carriage, he said:

"You had better take a farewell look at the old house, Alice, for it is not probable that you will ever see it again."

Alice looked at him with a startled air, which Mr. Coleman perceiving, said:

"Don't be alarmed, Alice. If you should wish to return, I promise to bring you safely back."

The carriage passed up the gentle ascent leading to Mr. Coleman's house, and down again on the opposite side, until it reached the cottage spoken of by Mrs. More. It drew up before the door of this cottage.

"How do you like your new home, Alice?" asked Mr. Coleman. "I hope it pleases you, for your grandmother has a deed of the place."

Mrs. Ives looked at Mr. Coleman in surprise.

"It is true, madam, and here is the document," said Mr. Coleman, as he took a paper from his pocket and placed it in her hands. "But we must not speak of this now, for Alice is growing tired."

So saying he let down the steps of the carriage, and gently lifting Alice out, bore her into one of the neat front rooms of the cottage, and placed her upon a bed, which had been carefully prepared for this purpose.

"Oh, Mr. Coleman!" said Alice, "how kind"—

"Now, no thanks, Alice," interrupted Mr. Coleman, "for there is no call for any. You see I am going to ask your grandmother to give me a title to the house you have left, in exchange for the deed which I have spoken of. As it is in full view of my own dwelling, and adds not at all to the beauty of the landscape, I shall consider myself quite a gainer, to obtain the privilege of pulling it down."

Alice and her grandmother spent a very comfortable winter in their new and pleasant home. In the spring Mr. Coleman proposed that Alice should spend the summer in a neighboring city, under the care of an eminent physician, who he hoped might restore her to health. The plan was carried out with the most gratifying results. Alice returned in the fall with health greatly improved, and with the prospect of a speedy and permanent recovery. As she was sitting by her grandmother's fire, one evening soon after her return, she said:

"It is just one year to-night, grandmother, since Mr. Coleman called upon us, and found us in such deep distress.—How very, very kind he has been to us. If you had been his own mother and I his daughter, he could not have been more kind. What can have led him to take so deep an interest in us?"

"I am sure I don't know, my dear.—We were known to each other in former days, but I have no claim upon him for the many services he has rendered us."

"He seems to think differently. He will never let us even thank him, but seems pained if we attempt to do so."

Mr. Coleman did think differently, and we will listen to his own account of the matter. An old friend from the city was paying him a visit, and chanced to inquire who lived in the neat cottage at the feet of the hill.

"Widow Ives resides there," was the reply.

"Widow Ives! Not the widow of General Ives, formerly of B——?"

"Yes, the same."

"Does she own that cottage?"

"She does."

"But I have been informed that she had lost all her property, and was left quite destitute."

"She did lose the bulk of her property. But she made a good investment many years ago, which now yields her enough to supply her with all the comforts of life in her old age."

"Indeed, I am very happy to hear it. I have been told that she is a very estimable woman, and should like to hear more of her history, particularly of this fortunate investment of which you speak."

In reply to this, Mr. Coleman related the history of his own setting out in life, and dwelt upon the sincere and delicate kindness shown to him at that time by Mrs. Ives. He wound up his narrative by saying:

"The interest of that old furniture shall supply that excellent woman with all she needs, during the remainder of her life."

TOO MANY NEWSPAPERS.—Bishop Clarke writes as follows to the New York *Ledger*:

Periodicals are a good thing, but we have too many of them. I do not mean that too many copies of the better class are circulated, but simply that there is a larger number of newspapers published than is needed, and that there are too many magazines of various sorts seeking for patronage. Every religious denomination must have its own organ, as a matter of course; every shades of doctrine in each denomination also has its mouth-piece; and then comes the rivalry of various localities, trying to establish papers of their own. In some of our cities there are a half dozen dailies, representing the same political party, all printing the same news, and to some extent filled with the same advertisements. In other departments we have quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies without number, of every grade of merit, and some without merit at all.

It is said that eight millions of dollars have been sunk during the past year in the periodical and newspaper business; many publications have become extinct, and as many more are struggling to sustain a precarious existence. There is a constant process of absorption going on—one periodical swallowing another, sometimes combining the various editors and contributors, and sometimes not. The most pertinacious canvassing, the most extensive advertising, the most inflated puffing, the most liberal discounts, the distribution of chromos and cheap sewing-machines, and various other unsaleable articles as premiums, fail to insure a list of subscribers that is remunerative—partly because the market is glutted, and partly because the periodical fails to meet the wants and gratify the taste of the community. The unfortunate editor can afford to pay little or nothing to his contributors, as he himself has to write with grim poverty staring him in the face, and poor pay generally means poor work. How much better it would be to concentrate strength upon a few able and well-remunerated periodicals.

The newspapers would save a large amount of money that is now expended in paying for the same news and dispatches—advertisers would be able to reach a wider circle of readers,—many vexatious quarrels that grow out of the petty rivalry of editors would be ended—and in place of the weary platitudes that now encumber the columns of our periodicals we might always have the freshest and best thoughts of the ablest minds and most vigorous writers in the land.

— Gen. Grant is the last of eighteen Presidents of the United States, says an exchange. He will be the last of the Presidents if he is not defeated next winter.

Col. J. Wash Watts' Experience With the Grasses and Stock.

As the grass question and live stock raising at the South are attracting the attention of a large class of our farmers, thanks to such writers as Rev. C. W. Howard and Dr. Lee, I have thought it might add some little to their testimony, for me to give some of the experience of twenty years in raising "grass, hay, turnips, sheep, cattle, and butter," (I have never tried to make cheese,) and I am ready to hold up the hands of these men while they battle for so good a cause, and endorse their arguments with facts.

Previous to 1852, I was farming in my native county, Laurens, S. C., but always having a fancy for stock and grass, and believing that I could do better in Northern Georgia than in Laurens, I moved and settled in Cass County, about twelve miles from Mr. Howard, where I farmed on the mixed plan with fine success, raising as fine clover as I have ever seen grown anywhere else. When I first began sowing clover seed, I found the prejudices of my neighbors just as strong against the grasses as in my native State, but my success stimulated others, until that region has become a fine clover country. I left there during the war, and after the war settled at Martin's Depot, S. C., where I have grown as good clover as I ever saw, cutting one season three good crops from the same land, but I am convinced that we should not cut more than two crops, and rarely more than one; as it robs the land too much, the last crop should be left on the land.

I have made excellent hay of clover, herd's grass, and crab grass, and can testify that it is as easy to raise clover here as anywhere in the United States, it only requiring of us the same efforts made by others. The main cause of failure here is, that most persons try to get a crop of grain and clover at the same time, when the land is too poor for one crop. Clover should be sown on land previously well cultivated in cotton, potatoes, peas, or some cleanly hoed crop. I have succeeded better sowing in March than any other time, on land freshly plonghed and harrowed; and, after sowing, harrow again, if convenient, but it makes but little difference whether harrowed in or not, as the first shower will put it in; be sure to put no crop with it, unless it be orchard grass; oats will dry it up, and ruin your stand. If weeds come up, all the better, for they will garrison the clover against the crab grass, and will not injure the crop.

I have raised turnips with fine success, both here and in Georgia; have grown three hundred bushels to the acre, with but little trouble and expense, and have no doubt we can raise three times three, if a proper effort be made. We usually take up our turnips, and bed them like potatoes, and feed, as we need them, to sheep and cattle.

Herd's grass can be grown here to perfection. I find it growing on our branch bottoms nearly everywhere I go. Orchard grass does well here, and is the best mixture with red clover that I have tried, both ripening at the same time. We also have the Bermuda grass, and, from present indications, it will soon possess all the bottom land in this section, and the earlier the better; then some people will have grass and hay who had never known the good of it; and, for permanent pasture, the Bermuda grass and white clover, mixed, will make about as perfect a pasture as any other known grasses, each growing in its time, as if the other was not present, and furnishing grazing nearly all the year. Everybody knows crab grass, but few knows its value for hay; it rarely fails on well cultivated land and makes excellent hay if cut while in bloom and well cured; in addition to these we have an abundance of Japan clover (*Lespedeza striata*,) and other grasses, for sheep pasture, and I assert without fear of successful contradiction, that we can raise sheep here as cheaply and profitably as anywhere this far North, and I am almost ready to say anywhere in the United States, unless California furnishes an exception: and this may be done to a considerable extent without diminishing the cotton crop; but, on the contrary, by grazing the waste places, we add a fertilizer that is very cheap, the manufacturer working for nothing and paying his board. The sheep yield three crops, wool, lambs and manure; either of the first two will more than pay all expenses, leaving the other two clear profit.

It is regarded good economy at the North, on mixed farms, to keep one for every acre of tillable land. This can be done on nearly every cotton plantation, and will add to, rather than diminish, the cotton; and when other crops of sheep feed fail, the cotton seed makes an excellent feed. I have wintered our sheep entirely on raw cotton seed fed twice a day, at the rate of three bushels to the hundred sheep; even when we have plenty of other feed, and we usually give them some cotton seed, of which they are very fond. Our sheep pay us much better in proportion to outlay, than any crop we raise, and if I had the money, I know of no investment I would rather make, than to buy a few hundred Merino sheep; I want five hundred on our little farm and will not be satisfied until I get them.

As an evidence of the profit of Merino sheep, I will state that wintering ewes last winter cost fifty cents a head, and twenty-five yearlings averaged eight pounds of wool, some going as high as ten, while our breeding rams sheared from fourteen to twenty pounds; this wool is worth in the dirt about thirty-three and a third cents per pound. Ewes having lambs yield about one-third less than those without lambs, but always enough to pay for the board of herself and lamb for a year; so the lamb starts out of debt, and pays well as he goes, and never dies insolvent. The greatest draw-back to the sheep business is not the want of grass, hay, or turnips, but the dog and thief; the former can be disposed of with a shortened biscuit, but the latter furnishes a knotty question I can't solve. I have given several facts, and will give a theory that differs from the generally received opinion of knowing ones; it is, that sheep are rarely killed by very poor dogs; negroes' dogs rarely kill sheep without the aid of the owner; it is the fat well fed rascal that does the mischief; at any rate, this has been my experience. The fat dog begins the killing for mischief, but after his frolic is over he returns to take a bait of fresh mutton, when if you are in time you will get him every time. The poor dog hunts for the crumbs and dead carcasses.

We have succeeded very well in raising cattle, but only keep a few, as the sheep pay so much better. I have lost more in hogs than any other stock, which is always a heavy loss as they cost so much to raise them. I am sure that we ought only to keep a few gleaners, and leave the bulk of the hog business to ten cents a bushel corn men; hogs will not pay where corn is worth fifty cents per bushel.

I should have added lucerne to the hay crops spoken of above. About four years ago, I prepared about half an acre of rich land, that had been heavily manured the year before and planted in cotton, to prepare for the lucerne; the land was well prepared in the spring, I think in March, and the seed sown in drills eighteen inches apart; it soon came up and grew off rapidly, and the second year we cut five crops of hay, which I did not weigh, but believe it yielded at least two tons to the acre at each cutting; just think of ten acres in such a crop, and how many sheep it would feed; but the land must be made very rich to yield such crops.—*Rural Carolinian.*

An Illinois Farmer Lost in His Own Corn-Field.

We have received a report this morning from one of the townships in the eastern part of this county, adjoining the State of Indiana, and among other items of interest is the following, which illustrates in a striking manner not only the unequalled fertility of the soil of Illinois, but particularly the extreme growth which crops of all kiuds have attained this season: A Frenchman by the name of Cantell A. Goodie, living in a French settlement, having occasion on Saturday last to visit his brother-in-law, living some five miles distant on the prairie, left home about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and to save a considerable distance, attempted to shorten his walk by taking a cut-off through the intervening corn-fields. To those unaccustomed to seeing Illinois corn-fields, it may be well here to state that in that section of the country corn is almost the only crop raised over the whole extent of the country for miles and miles, and the country being comparatively young, there are but few fences or even hedges to mark the dividing line. To the eye it is a sea of corn, and to Mr. Goodlie nearly proved to be a wilderness as dangerous as the trackless north woods. Shortly after he left home a severe storm, such as we have had in numbers during the summer, arose and came driving upon him, and he was drenched to the skin. The walking became fatiguing at every step; the earth moistened by the rain, adhered to his boots in great quantities, until it became impossible for him to drag them after him. He took them off and pushed on the best he could, but minute by minute the soil became softer until he sank nearly to his knees in the porous black earth. Night approached and darkness settled down upon the fields. He was miles from any habitation; was tired and nearly exhausted, unable to get any landmark, however slight, by which he might be guided to home or friends. The tall corn waved over him and its depths were impenetrable to his eyes, and he realized that he must pass the night in solitude as if he were in the midst of an African jungle. As he no longer could tell the direction in which to go, and could scarcely drag one foot in advance of the other, he gave up the hopeless attempt, and with a clasp-knife—his constant companion—cut down enough of the waving stocks to make him a bed and covering, and shivering with cold and exposure, he sank into a heavy sleep. Night passed and the glowing sun rose above the horizon and took its slow but tireless course across the trackless sky, and still he slept profoundly insensible to the passage of time. The second night sped by, and just as the gray light of early dawn was lighting up the world he awoke. Confused by the light after his long sleep, although unaware that more than one night had gone by during his rest, he stumbled about in uncertainty for a few minutes, until, ascending a small hillock, he cast his eyes about and there beheld his own home within a few minutes' walk. In the darkness he had become so confused, and instead of going forward had constantly crossed his own track, finally lying down within a stone's throw of his own fireside. We can easily imagine with what eager haste he crossed the dividing space, for in his lonely condition the sight of a familiar face seemed an oasis in the desert of life. And great was his surprise at his wife and children greeting him as one returned from the grave, for his protracted stay had made them fear that the lightning had struck him in his lonely path, and search had been at once instituted, but without result, as they had not thought to search the adjacent corn-field. All hope was departing from them when he returned. —*Joliet (Ill.) Sun.*

Timely and Sensible Advice.

The editor of the Norfolk (Va.) *Landmark* is a clear-headed and sagacious man. Treating of the recent Mississippi embroilment, he gives this sensible advice: "We may fairly demand from the white people a wise reserve in their intercourse with the negroes. In this case it appears that the white men, through idle curiosity, were present, and provoked the unauthorized interference of the Marshal, whose action precipitated the collision. It is true they had a right to be present; but every consideration of policy and self-respect should have restrained them from attending the meeting. Had they left the negroes to their own devices this tragedy would not have been enacted, and the unhappy man whose illegal whiskey brought about the trouble would not have been murdered after his surrender. In one word, our friends in the Gulf States should hold themselves aloof from tumultuous meetings of the blacks, and leave them to their orators and leaders, the idols to whom they are irrevocably joined. There is but one course for the white people to adopt in the intensely black States, and that we have indicated. Whenever they depart from this they will be liable to the same treatment Siveley received, and will run the risk, as happened in this case, of involving others, remote even from the scene of action. There is ample room for the two races, and in the present agitated frame of the Ethiopian mind (?) in some of the States to the South of us the very best thing for the white people to do is to abstain from all contact with the negroes on public occasions, of a political nature. To violate this sound rule, alike enforced by considerations of public peace and personal dignity, will be to incur the risk of just such scenes as that which has been enacted in Mississippi."

— A Saratoga philosopher says a single woman, as a general thing, can be told from a wife, and yet he has known many a girl to be taken for a wife

A Story of Short-Hand Reporting.

In spite of the jealousies between the two bodies it is quite generally conceded that D. F. Murphy, of the Senate, is the best short-hand reporter in the United States, if not in the whole world. This man has reported at the rate of three hundred words a minute, and made copy that could then accurately be read by any of his brothers. This would seem like the greatest possible feat of reportorial skill, but there is another feat told of the elder Murphy that has never been equalled. The bare repetition of this story in private circles by the writer has earned him a character for romancing entirely undeserved, for it is borne out by the statement of officials of high positions who witnessed the feat, and who ever knew officials of high position to lie? Any one can see after this how absurd and unjust it would be to doubt the story.

Some time ago a certain Indian chief came on here with a pack of red beggars at his back, to smoke a pipe with the great father, as a preliminary to butchering all the frontier people near his reservation. As the story goes the chief is represented as a Choctaw. The Choctaw language is fully as complicated in its wonderful range of gutturals as any of the barbarous frontier dialects. The noble Choctaw chief made several speeches in the council at Washington. The elder Murphy was present at one of these councils with a friend. This friend had often discussed with Murphy the beauty of phonography, the art of transmitting sounds into translatable shape upon paper. Murphy had always insisted that a highly trained phonographer should be able to report any language, whether he understood it or not, from the mere following of the scale of its vocalization. The friend seriously doubted this, and at the council challenged Murphy to report the Choctaw chief by taking the sounds of the original speech. The Choctaw language, when fluently expressed, is a combination of sounds represented by a chicken eating corn off from a board, and the moaning and growling of a sick terrier. Murphy was a little dashed at the proposed experiment, but he showed no hesitation. He took out his note-book and dashed after the crazy vowels and volcanic utterances that came rumbling from the Choctaw's bowels. After the confusion of the first moment Murphy succeeded admirably in catching every inflection of the Indian's voice, and when Murphy read his notes to an interpreter, so clearly were they taken that the interpreter was able to easily translate them so that the report thus made corresponded with the official interpretation.—*Washington Letter.*

A Reconstructed Editor.

An incident occurred in a Buffalo (N. Y.) varieties theatre which was not in the bill, and which even in that institution of miscellaneous amusement was novel and startling. An "editorial excursion" of six Mississippi editors had been travelling North, and wound up in Buffalo. With a natural desire to see all that was to be seen, they visited the theatre and took seats in the parquet. When the curtain fell for the last time the manager stepped forward and proposed "three hearty cheers for the Mississippi editors," a call to which the audience heartily responded. A response had to be made, and Colonel Stackhouse, of the Hazlehurst *Copiahan*, was called on to make it. He took the stage and made one of the most original speeches, we take it, ever heard in that queer place. After comparing himself and his friends to the Queen of Sheba on a visit to Solomon's dominion, he said:

"Fellow-citizens of Buffalo, we assure you that this invasion of ours is altogether harmless in its object. We are not spying out the land with any hostile intent. No, we are much obliged to the few bloody-shirt gentlemen among you, who, for some inscrutable purpose Providence may have in view, are allowed to live and delay the year of jubilee in this American family, but we have had enough of war—rather too much of it. Our voice is for peace. [Applause.[We are like the little dare devil boy who played around the heels of a mule, got badly kicked and his face frightfully mangled. He asked his father if the scars would ever disappear from his face again. "No, sonny," replied the sire, "you will never be pretty again, but then you will have a damn sight more sense." [Laughter and applause.] We are not going into any more war with you fellows. If we had known how confounded numerous you were—what vast resources you had—what a nation of git up and gitters you are—we should never have been guilty of the absurdity of trying to whip you in the first place."

ABOUT CORN.—A writer in the Western Rural says: "An intelligent and reliable neighbor of ours, who has for years been making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanting corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn was of very little consequence; but this gentleman says it is of so much consequence that he replants whether it is needed or not; or, rather, he plants, two or three weeks after the crop is planted, a hill every fifteenth row, each way. He says: If the weather becomes dry during the filling time, the silks and tassels both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it becomes seasonable, the silk revives and renews its growth, but the tassels do not recover. Then, for want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the office for which it was designed. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common in all crops, are caused by the want of pollen, and he has known ears to double their size in this second filling.

— The monument to Edgar Allen Poe, which has just been completed, will shortly be placed over the last resting place of the poet in Westminster churchyard, in Baltimore. The movement for a monument to the dead poet was begun by the Baltimore Teachers' Association about a year ago, and as soon as the necessary sum had been subscribed a design for the monument was prepared, and the execution entrusted to Mr. Hugh Sisson. It is of white marble and stands eight feet high, resting on a granite base six feet square. The design for the monument is simple and chaste.

— When from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air, her skirts, pinned back so very tight, made her appear exceeding spare.

Preparation and Sowing of Wheat.

The experience of the past year for a large portion of Mississippi, has completely exploded the theory that wheat is too uncertain a crop to grow in this State, and that it does not pay to raise it. The wheat harvest of this year was the largest ever grown in Mississippi, and wherever pains were taken in the preparation of the land and the land was seeded soon enough, say by the 15th of October, the yield was large and most remunerative.

The land intended for wheat should be thoroughly and closely ploughed and well pulverized, forming a fine and firm seed bed. Where the land is not naturally rich enough scatter cotton seed at the rate of forty or fifty bushels to the acre and harrow them in with the wheat. This plan is almost certain to bring a good crop.

The seed should be carefully selected and thoroughly sifted and cleaned. If the wheat has been affected with "smut" it should be steeped in a solution of blue stone for ten or twelve hours before planting. Or another plan we have used with great success against smut and rust, is to make a strong brine of salt and water, strong enough to float an egg; soak the wheat for twenty-four hours in this brine, taking care to skim off all the defective grains and trash that rise to the top. To dry the wheat so it can be handled, sprinkle it with quick-lime. We have used this method for years, and have never known it to fail.

We also recommend the sowing of seed grown in a different soil and climate, instead of that raised at home. We are satisfied that this method improves the quantity and quality of the yield of wheat, and we are strongly inclined to believe that the wheat will not rust as readily; such at least has been the experience of many skilful farmers with whom we have conversed on the subject. Up to this time, the Red May wheat has proven the most reliable variety to sow in our soil and climate; other varieties that have been tried this year, have generally failed or have given such poor results as to be rejected.

Every farmer who contemplates sowing wheat this fall, should thoroughly prepare his land and sow it, from the 20th of September to 20th of October and never later, if he expects his crop to escape the rust. Also, sow the the red rust-proof oats early in the fall if you expect good crops.—*Farmer's Vindicator.*

SMALL VS. GREAT CRIMINALS.—Gov. Tilden of New York, in a late address draws attention to the striking inequality of human justice which prevails at this day. He says:

"I have frequently been followed by persons asking for their friends and for those in whom they are interested pardons from the prison and penitentiaries. I have been compelled to look into such cases and see who are the inmates of such institutions, and of what they have been accused—to see what it is that constitutes the wrong to society of which they have been convicted. When I have compared their offences in their nature, temptations and circumstances, with the crimes of great public delinquents who claim to stand among your best society, and are confessedly prominent among their fellow-citizens, crimes repeated and continued year after year—I am appalled at the inequality of human justice."

These remarks appear to fit the situation of places besides New York. The official disintegration is as marked in other localities as in the Empire State where rings flourish in the most virulent form. It would seem, however, from the case of the three county commissioners of Schuylkill County, Pa. just sent to jail for two years and fined for an improper use of the county money, that public delinquents do not everywhere go unwhipt of justice. The people of this country are beginning to be disquieted and sore at immunity enjoyed by official culprits, and will not much longer permit them to escape the punishment of their crimes.

ABOUT A MONKEY.—I was making a cake one day preparing for company, and the monkey followed me into the pantry and watched everything I did. Unfortunately dinner was announced in the midst of my work, and I left it, making him get out rather against his will. I knew him too well to trust him in the pantry alone. After dinner I returned to my cookery. Having carefully locked the door, I was surprised to see my pet there before me. His attitude was ominous; he was on the top of the barrel two-thirds full of flour and busily occupied. He had got hold of my egg-box, broken two or three dozen, smashing them in the flour barrel with all the sugar within reach. These he was vigorously beating into the flour, shells and all, stooping now and then to take a taste with a countenance as grave as a judge's. In my dismay and grief I did not scold him. Yet to see materials so used up, and we living in the country, and guests coming! He had a most satisfied air, as if he meant: "Look! the main operations of the pantry are now over." I had forgotten the broken pane of glass in the window.

THE HAMILTON-BURR DUEL.—The duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr took place at Wehawken, New Jersey, on the bank of the Hudson river, immediately beneath the Palisades, at a spot some six or eight hundred feet north of the northerly line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's dock. The branch road of the Erie Railway Company has obliteratd all trace thereof. Shortly after the duel the St. Andrews Society of the city of New York erected a monument to the memory of Alexander Hamilton; but the visitors to the spot soon destroyed it in their eagerness to obtain mementoes. The tablet, with inscription, was however saved, and is in the possession of the family owning the property on which the duelling ground was situated.

— A kind hearted lady was once reproved quite sharply by a friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, and asked charity in the streets. "Suppose he spent the money for rum," said the suspecting friend. The quick and generous answer was, "If you must suppose at all, why not suppose that he had spent the money for bread? Why suppose what is evil about any one when you are at liberty to suppose what is good and noble?"

— A citizen who has just returned from a "watering-place hotel," says the landlord's ball was only exceeded in size by those of the mosquitoes.